

S. Robert, October 15, 1984, page 3.

Speaking of the picture, I have done my 'best effort' in the identification and I still can't identify nos. 18 and 55. Do you have the strength to look over the ones that are identified. Do you still go to Berean Baptist. Do you think that if you took the original of the picture to the Schemmcon / Tyler family that they might be able to identify the unidentified young boys. I do hate to have to 'publish' the picture and say that two people in it are 'unidentifiable'.

Someday soon, out of a need to get away from portraiture, studio portraiture, studio portrait photography, I am going to sit down and type the transcript of the proceedings on CQBC / GR day this past August, 1984.

Finally, some response to your letter of 09-28-1984. I put to paper these remarks quite a while ago. They are not much but I for the sake of completeness I affix them here below.

You say (your letter of 09-28-1984, p. 1) "I am sure that all the students are quite convinced that I am a Spanish count, and yet not once today did I say a single word in Spanish - . . . I don't get it, why would they think that. Because of your bearing and manner. Yes, I'm sure that is it."

Mr. Krantz, Graphic Arts Teacher, at Lakeland High. Yes, I will talk to them, but not right away.

Thank you for the articles on Civil War carte de visite, and bird's eye view maps.

Clinton historical program = "election scene" at Trailways Terminal

You say in your letter of 10-03-1984 -

"Speaking of Clinton, a one Harold Jones (about 8th grade) came up to me at Forest City yesterday and said - 'Aren't you one of the people from the Clinton Church?' Somehow this child - a nice little boy - is related to Elizabeth Jones, but I'm not sure how. He told me but there was too much going on for me to remember & record his remarks."

What is the name of the man from Homeville who wanted a ride to the Reunion. Wasn't it also Harold Jones. Somehow the name is so familiar.

The end of the Robert Browning poem entitled "Porphyria's Lover" -
Porphyria has been murdered by her lover, all her hair, wound three times around her throat, and strangled.

There is strangling in the Greek myth
Rushing by her, Porphyria made for Hera, whom he tried to strangle; but, wounded in the liver by a timely arrow from Eros's bow, . . .

October 15, 1984

Robert -

Your letter of 10-12-1984 received today. I am sure that the 'angst' over the visit of Pastor Bissol is long past. I thought after you told me about the situation that the reason they came on Thursday night late is that they had a meeting of the Deacons or some such group and they came to you after that meeting. You closed your letter by saying, "Now I shall go see Pastor Bissol."

How I wish I could get to that. I know that it has to be done but studio portrait photography will receive my morning's attention from now until it is done. What splendid news that you are doing an updated edition of the "green volume". I do hope that HIRP will toss in a lot of cash and pay for the production. She ought to. I must have some information to be incorporated into the "green volume". PN-II will be amusing and very interesting, and I must get you some of the vital papers on myself for that.

ELL and TOL, father and daughter, what a pair. How marvelous! The two works have gone to the Southern California Genealogical Library. How did you find out that it was "very excellent".

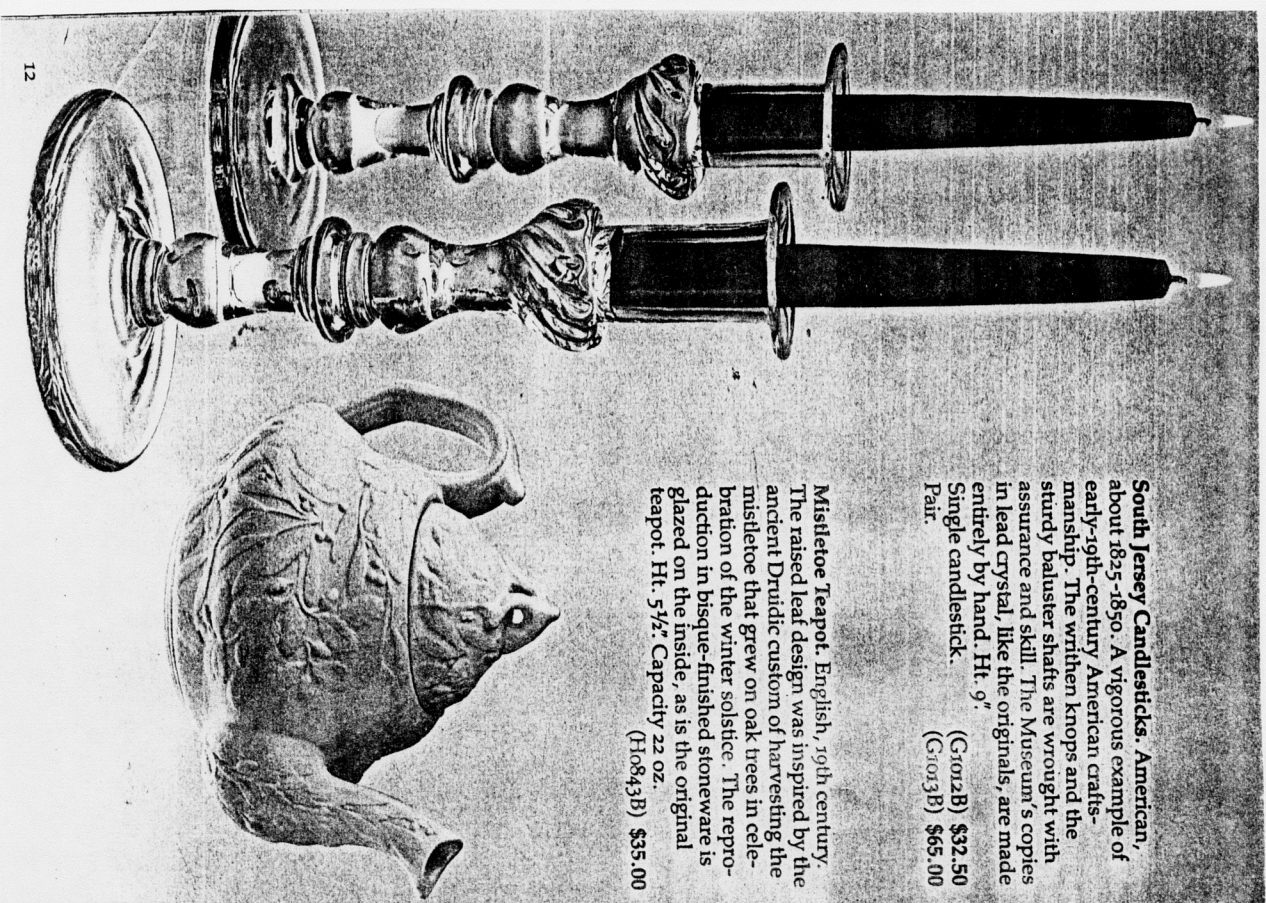
"One cannot rely on chance & luck in the transmission of such documents from one generation to the next," you say in reference to your having sent the two volumes to California and in reference to your having sent the family histories to the NHP. The Library of Congress, and other places. Only this morning I too was thinking about Queen Victoria's Journal and the destruction of same by one of her daughters. I have recently acquired a marvelous book of photographs of the British royals from Victoria onward. I can't wait to show it to you, to loan it to you, to give it to you. The British royals have invaded my bloodstream and my mind. I think of them as my dear friends. Their lives are certainly more important to me than are the lives of many of the people I encounter daily in my rounds. I wonder which daughter of Victoria's it was who did the damage. I wonder where she is buried. It was probably one of the children who married a foreign royal and so she is probably buried on the Continent in her husband's country.

A package of crocus bulbs and some tulips will be posted with this letter, under separate cover. Since crocus bulbs last forever I think they should be put around the tombstones. Tulips exhaust themselves after a few years and have to come back. If you think it a good idea to put them around the stones go ahead. I don't want to make a nice bed of them for yourself somewhere. Yes do plant them as soon as they arrive. I don't know when I will be there. I was desperately to come but I can't allow myself to move right now. I got the word 'unlamentable' on a woman politician is so you can see the word 'unlamentable' from the article which is explained in the article and which is, I'm sure you'll agree, quite marvelous.

Also in the tulip package is the tape of the Capote Christmas Memory and some Strauss Waltzes.

As I sit here typing I have just had played on my lap by Pooch a rather chewed up stick which is her "favourite toy of the moment". She has been playing quietly with it in various corners of this room and just then decided that I had to have it on my lap. She has taken it to her room and has been playing with it yesterday Pooch and I got in the bathtub and she got a fine shampoo!

CCBC-153 / 8-17-8: identification sheet file with
Bureau Bureau material; as is the letter
Snyder letter of 10-6-84



South Jersey Candlesticks. American, about 1850-1860. The candlestick is of early 19th-century American call's matching. The written knobs and the sturdy baluster shafts are wrought with intricate designs. The Museum's copies are made of the original. The candlestick is entirely by hand. Ht. 9" (C1028) \$32.50 Pair (C1029) \$65.00

Mistletoe Teapot. English, 19th century. The teapot is made of oak and is the ancient Druidic custom of harvesting the mistletoe that grew on oak trees in celebration of the winter solstice. The reproduction in bisque-finished stoneware is gilded with gold leaf. Ht. 10" (C1030) \$35.00 (C1031) \$35.00

S. Robert, October 15, 1984, page 2.

Something to remember for the Winter Solstice -- In a catalogue of reproductions from The Metropolitan Museum of Art, which came today, I learned, in a description of a reproduction of an English, 19th-century Mistletoe Teapot, the following:

The raised leaf design [on the teapot] was inspired by the ancient Druidic custom of harvesting the mistletoe that grew on oak trees in celebration of the winter solstice.

Your letter of 10-08-1984, which you wrote on having had your Opus 40 successfully microfilmed, is before me and I will read through it again just to be sure I don't overlook something.

By the way, before I forget, I talked to Mrs. Holstein last night on the telephone. She has sent you a check and the form, Atlanta matching by thank her. She likes for matching grants. Acknowledge the receipt. She poses the plates and now wants to know that things get where she sent them. She poses the plates and now wants another one for herself, a green Carbondale plate, not the black gray plate. There is no rush on it. I will transport one back here when I am next there. I don't mean to be a pest about the Hensel stereograph of Shepherd's Creek but I can't find it and I've looked everywhere and I'm sure you don't have it but keep an eye out for it. I don't know where it is. I mention in Pennsylvania and you say that your initials were on the microfilming. I say it is in Pennsylvania and you say that the CPJ has seen it, through your influence, to purchase a Canon 380 Reader/Printer.

The smaller size photograph from The Scranton Times of 09-28-1984 is truly marvelous.

How was the chair lift ride. I saw the notice in the Carbondale (Pa.) News about the festivities that were to take place there on the weekend. I must say that I thought about you practically the whole weekend. I should have been there in body since I was there in mind.

As for the telephone call of 8-22-84, 10:44 PM, 18 minutes, to 215-563-3656, \$3.24. Yes that was the call which I made to Mrs. [lower case for those who no longer exist]. Apparently you do not recall that when we returned from the "marathon" at CQBC and we were both sorting through the day that I handed you a \$5 to cover the call.

Some day in Washington, DC it would be a thrill to look up Northeastern Pennsylvania. I am not obsessed with death and I do read other material than TIME, but here goes again. I enclose an essay, "A Dying Art: The Classy Exit Line". It is amusing. I enclose Hamlet's response. Look up the line in the play: ". . . the rest is silence". Why would Eleanor Roosevelt have said, "God Bless the United States of America" [I laughed a bit as I typed that, Pooch, whose whole life is riveted on mine, heard Mrs. C. Snyder sent me a nice, very nice letter, and I enclose a copy of that.

Hers was the 14th response to my call for help in the identification of the picture (SRP, Edg, Verla C. Arnold, Doris Howell, Verna Varcoe, Beatrice Bartholomew, G. Fay Crossman, George Pezel, Mrs. Mildred E. Jabbar, Alice Lund, Rev. Dwight Anderson, Margaret Rude, Mary Zollbrecht, and Gertrude Snyder).